THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, December 1, 1800.

Application and Study exemplified in the Education of the Emperor Charles the Fifth.

THE ſtudy of hiſtory appeared ſo important in the education of a Prince, to Chièvres, Governor of young Charles, that he entruſted the care of teaching it to none but himſelf. He began with giving his pupil an acquaintance with hiſtory in general. He then proceeded to that of thoſe European nations with which Charles was likely to have moſt concern. He particularly dwelt on the hiſtories of Spain and France, which then alſo comprehended that of the Low Countries. He made his pupil read every author in his own language and words, perſuaded that to a Prince nothing in hiſtory is uſeleſs, and that thoſe facts which appear of no conſequence at the time of reading them, will ſooner or later be found applicable to after views.

When by means of hiſtory he had given him the neceſſary general information, he gave him particular leſſons concerning his true intereſts with reſpect to all the powers in Europe. Thence he brought him to practice, without which he knew that ſpeculation is of little avail. Chièvres was Governor of the Low Countries, and it was there that Charles received his education. At an age in which children are uſually engaged only in ſports and amuſements, he would have the young Prince not only a member of the Council of State, but as really ſo, and as aſſiduous in his attendance, as any other of the Counſellors. He enjoined him to examine, and to report to the Council all important petitions

addreſſed to the Governor from the different provinces; and apprehending leſt he ſhould excuſe himſelf from the neceſſary attention and exactneſs, were he permitted to follow the opinions of the other Counſellors, he obliged the Prince always to ſpeak firſt.

When any important diſpatch arrived from foreign countries, Chièvres cauſed him to lay aſide all other employment to read it. Even if he were aſleep, provided a prompt anſwer were required, he awaked him, and gave it him to examine in his preſence. If the Prince made a miſtaken judgment of the affair, the Governor immediately ſet him right. If he at once comprehended it, and found the proper expedient to overcome the difficulty, ſtill that did not ſuffice: he was expected to ſupport his opinion by good reaſons, and make a pertinent reply to the objections which Chièvres never failed to raiſe againſt it.

When a negociation of length was entered upon, and a foreign Prince ſent his Embaſſador into the Low Countries, the Prince's labours were redoubled. His Governor never gave audience but in his preſence, never tranſacted buſineſs but with him, or gave anſwers but by him. If the Embaſſadors delivered in propoſitions by writing, Charles was employed to inform the Council of them, and to ſtate the arguments for or againſt, in order that they who were to pronounce after him might ſpeak with full knowledge of the caſe. If the Embaſſador choſe to explain himſelf by word of mouth, and the affair in agitation was too ſecret to be committed to paper, Charles was required to retain preciſely and diſtinctly what he heard, ſo that not the leaſt circumſtance ſhould eſcape him; otherwiſe, his defect of memory would have been expoſed in full Council, and his negligence exaggerated in the place where he had moſt at heart to acquire eſteem. Such was the life of Charles before he had reached his fourteenth year.

Hengeſt de Genlis, the French Embaſſador to the Low Countries, ſeeming apprehenſive leſt the exceſs of labour and application ſhould injure the conſtitution and faculties of the young Prince, Chièvres replied, that he himſelf had entertained the ſame fear; but that, after reflecting on the ſubject, he was perſuaded that his firſt duty was early to enable his pupil to do without a tutor; and that he would want one all his life, were he not accuſtomed from his youth to gain an exact knowledge of his affairs.

Narrative

Narrative of the Infancy and Youth of Robert Burns, the Scotch Poet. Written by Himſelf.

[From Dr. Currie's new Edition of the Works of Burns.]

(Continued from Page 412.)

"MY father ſtruggled on till he reached the freedom in his leaſe, when he entered on a larger farm, about ten miles farther in the country. The nature of the bargain made, was ſuch as to throw a little ready money into his hands at the commencement of the leaſe, otherwiſe the affair would have been impracticable. For four years we lived comfortably here, but a difference commencing between him and his landlord as to terms, after three years toſſing and whirling in the vortex of litigation, my father was juſt ſaved from the horrors of a jail, by a conſumption, which, after two years promiſes, kindly ſtept in, and carried him away, "to where the wicked ceaſe from troubling, and where the weary are at reſt!"

"It is during the time that we lived on this farm, that my little ſtory is moſt eventful. I was, at the beginning of this period, perhaps the moſt ungainly aukward boy in the pariſh: no *ſolitaire* was leſs acquainted with the ways of the world. What I knew of ancient ſtory was gathered from Salmon's and Guthrie's geographical grammars; and the ideas I had formed of modern manners, of literature, and criticiſm, I got from the Spectator. Theſe, with Pope's Works, ſome plays of Shakeſpeare, Tull and Dickſon on Agriculture, the Pantheon, Locke's Eſſay on the Human Underſtanding, Stackhouſe's Hiſtory of the Bible, Juſtices's Britiſh Gardener's Dictionary, Bayle's Lectures, Allan Ramſay's Works, Taylor's Scripture Doctrine of Original Sin, a Select Collection of Engliſh Songs, and Hervey's Meditations, had formed the whole of my reading. The collection of ſongs was my *vade mecum*. I pored over them driving my cart, or walking to labour, ſong by ſong, verſe by verſe; carefully noting the true, tender, or ſublime, from affectation and fuſtian. I am convinced I owe to this practice much of my critic-craft, ſuch as it is.

"In my ſeventeenth year, to give my manners a bruſh, I went to a country dancing-ſchool. My father had an unaccountable antipathy againſt theſe meetings, and my going was, what to this moment I repent, in oppoſition to his wiſhes. My father, as I ſaid before, was ſubject to ſtrong

paſſions; from that inſtance of diſobedience in me, he took a ſort of diſlike to me, which I believe was one cauſe of the diſſipation which marked my ſucceeding years. I ſay diſſipation, comparatively with the ſtrictneſs, and ſobriety, and regularity of Preſbyterian country life; for though the will-o-wiſp meteors of thoughtleſs whim were almoſt the ſole lights of my path, yet early ingrained piety and virtue kept me for ſeveral years afterwards within the line of innocence. The great misfortune of my life was to want an aim. I had felt early ſome ſtirrings of ambition, but they were the blind gropings of Homer's Cyclops round the walls of his cave. I ſaw my father's ſituation entailed on me perpetual labour. The only two openings by which I could enter the temple of fortune, was the gate of niggardly œconomy, or the path of little chicaning bargain-making. The firſt is ſo contracted an aperture, I could never ſqueeze myſelf into it—the laſt I always hated—there was contamination in the very entrance!—Thus abandoned of aim or view in life, with a ſtrong appetite for ſociability, as well from native hilarity, as from a pride of obſervation and remark; a conſtitutional melancholy or hypochondriaſm that made me fly ſolitude; add to theſe incentives to ſocial life, my reputation for bookiſh knowledge, a certain wild logical talent, and a ſtrength of thought ſomething like the rudiments of good ſenſe, and it will not ſeem ſurprizing that I was generally a welcome gueſt where I viſited, or any great wonder that always where two or three met together, there I was among them. But far beyond all other impulſes of my heart, was *un penchant a l'adorable moitie du genre humain.* My heart was completely tinder, and was eternally lighted up by ſome goddeſs or other; and as in every other warfare in this world, my fortune was various, ſometimes I was received with favour, and ſometimes I was mortified with a repulſe. At the plough, ſcythe, reap-hook, I feared no competitor, and thus I ſet abſolute want at defiance; and as I never cared farther for my labours than while I was in actual exerciſe, I ſpent the evenings in the way after my own heart. A country lad ſeldom carries on a love adventure without an aſſiſting confidant. I poſſeſſed a curioſity, zeal, and intrepid dexterity, that recommended me as a proper ſecond on theſe occaſions, and I dare ſay, I felt as much pleaſure in being in the ſecret of half the loves of the pariſh of Tarbolton, as ever did ſtateſmen in knowing the intrigues of half the courts of Europe. The very gooſe feather in my hand ſeems to know inſtinctively the wellworn path of my imagination,

gination, the favourite theme of my ſong; and it is with difficulty reſtrained from giving you a couple of paragraphs on the love adventures of my compeers, the humble inmates of the farm-houſe and cottage—but the grave ſons of ſcience, ambition, or avarice, baptize theſe things by the name of follies. To the ſons and daughters of labour and poverty they are matters of the moſt ſerious nature; to them the ardent hope, the ſtolen interview, the tender farewell, are the greateſt and moſt delicious parts of their enjoyments.

"Another circumſtance in my life, which made ſome alteration in my mind and manners, was, that I ſpent my nineteenth ſummer on a ſmuggling coaſt, a good diſtance from home, at a noted ſchool, to learn menſuration, ſurveying, dialing, &c. in which I made a pretty good progreſs. But I made a greater progreſs in the knowledge of mankind. The contraband trade was at that time very ſucceſsful, and it ſometimes happened to me to fall in with thoſe who carried it on. Scenes of ſwaggering riot and roaring diſſipation were till this time new to me, but I was no enemy to ſocial life. Here, though I learned to fill my glaſs, and to mix without fear in a drunken ſquabble, yet I went on with a high hand with my geometry, till the ſun entered Virgo, a month which is always carnival in my boſom, when a charming *fillette*, who lived next door to the ſchool, overſet my trigonometry, and ſet me off at a tangent from the ſphere of my ſtudies. I, however, ſtruggled on with my *ſines* and *co-ſines* for a few days more; but ſtepping into the garden one charming noon, to take the ſun's altitude, there I met my angel,

"Like Proſerpine gathering flowers,
"Herſelf a fairer flower."

"It was in vain to think of doing any more good at ſchool. The remaining week I ſtaid I did nothing but craze the faculties of my ſoul about her, or ſteal out to meet her: and the two laſt nights of my ſtay in the country, had ſleep been a mortal ſin, the image of this modeſt and innocent girl had kept me guiltleſs.

"I returned home very conſiderably improved. My reading was enlarged with the very important addition of Thomſon's and Shenſtone's works; I had ſeen human nature in a new phaſis; and engaged ſeveral of my ſchool-fellows to keep up a literary correſpondence with me. This improved me in compoſition. I had met with a collection of

of letters from the wits of Queen Anne's reign, and I pored over them moſt devoutly. I kept copies of my own letters that pleaſed me, and a compariſon between them and the compoſition of moſt of my correſpondents flattered my vanity. I carried this whim ſo far, that though I had not three farthings worth of buſineſs in the world, yet almoſt every poſt brought me as many letters as if I had been a broad plodding ſon of day-book and ledger.

(To be continued.)

ACCOUNT *of* PASSWAN OGLU, *or* PAZMAN OHLU.

OSMAN, Pazman Ohlu's grandfather, had been in Philippopolis, Adrianople, and Widdin, one of the watchmen who in the large Turkiſh cities are appointed to guard during night the warehouſes of the merchants. He was poor: but his integrity acquired him the favour and eſteem of his ſuperiors. At the commencement of the war with Ruſſia in 1753, he entered into the army; and ſo diſtinguiſhed himſelf at an attack in the Kraina, that the Grand-Vizier, as a reward for his valour, raiſed him to the rank of a Serdengets Hi-Agazi, or nobleman and land-owner. Oſman continued with the army during the whole war; and his Sovereign, the Grand-Signor, as a mark of his ſatisfaction and favour, conferred upon him the lordſhip of Parabin, in Moldavia, with all its appurtenances. On his newly-acquired eſtate he endeavoured by every means in his power to gain the affection and attachment of his ſubjects: he reſided at Widdin, where a ſon was born to him, named Omar Aga, to whom he gave a good education after the Turkiſh manner.

Omar Aga, as well as his father, enjoyed the favour of the Grand Signor, who appointed him a Baſſi-Aga, i. e. chief over ſeveral diſtricts. He had two ſons: one of them was called Oſman, and has become famous by the name of Pazman Ohlu; the other Ibrahim Beg, is at preſent a merchant at Conſtantinople, having been from early youth educated for that profeſſion. Oſman, or Pazman Ohlu, i. e. Son of the Night-Watchman, whom his father cauſed to be inſtructed in different branches of knowledge relating to politics, economics, and military affairs, reſided at Widdin. In the year 1785, a quarrel enſued between him and his father, who lived upon his eſtates. Both raiſed men in their

reſpective poſſeſſions; and the ſon made frequent and ſucceſsful attacks upon the troops of his father. The principal inhabitants of Widdin, however, interpoſed; and in 1788 the father was obliged to ſubmit to the humiliation of ſuing for peace. Concord being thus re-eſtabliſhed between them, they immediately joined their forces in Widdin, over which city they afterwards exerciſed a ſovereign power independent of the Grand Signor; and from the whole diſtrict either expelled by force, or, by politic and artful meaſures endeavoured to frighten away, all thoſe who might have been able to oppoſe them.

In 1788, the Seraſkier Melek Mehmed Baſſa was ſent with an army of 12,000 men againſt theſe uſurpers; and the baſſaſhip of Widdin promiſed him, if he ſhould ſucceed in driving them from the city. For three months the conteſt continued with various ſucceſs, and in the many conflicts that took place a great number of men fell on both ſides: at laſt, however, Oſman and his father, finding it impoſſible to maintain themſelves againſt a regular army, fled with 600 of their adherents to the Prince Mauroyeny in Wallachia. The Prince received them under his protection, appointed them Bir Baſſas, i. e. commanders of 1000 men, and ſent the father, Omar, to reſide at Cſernetz, and Pazman Ohlu to Gyurgyero. On the approach of the Imperial troops, Omar Aga found it impoſſible to remain any longer with ſafety at Cſernitz, and was forced to fly acroſs the Danube; and, accompanied by only 17 men, continued his flight as far as Kulla, about 18 miles diſtant from Widdin. As ſoon as the Baſſa of Widden was informed of his arrival at that place, he immediately diſpatched 1000 men, under the command of Ibrahim Bey, to intercept and ſeize him. Omar Aga retreated into an old caſtle in the neighbourhood, where, with his ſeventeen followers, he valiantly defended himſelf for three days, received ſeven wounds, and loſt one man. On the fourth day the Bey took the caſtle by ſtorm; when the 16 ſoldiers were by his orders cut to pieces, and Omar Agra, and his ſecretary Mula Ibrahim, taken. As the Bey approached Widdin, the people aſſembled tumultuouſly in great numbers, and demanded of the Baſſa to releaſe the captives. A general inſurrection in favour of Omar was apprehended. But the Baſſa, to prevent the evil conſequences that might enſue from the preſence of his enemy, diſpatched a courier to the Bey, with orders to cauſe the two priſoners to be privately beheaded. This order was immediately executed; and a report being ſpread abroad, that

Omar

Omar Aga had ſaved himſelf by flight, they ſucceeded in pacifying the people.

No ſooner was Pazman Ohlu informed of the death of his father, than, meditating revenge, he collected about 2000 men, paſſed the Danube in 1789, and poſted himſelf in Banya Luka, betwixt Widdin and Niſſa, where he kept up a correſpondence with his friends at Widdin, and on every occaſion endeavoured to increaſe the number of his troops. Many of the inhabitants of Widdin eſpecially joined his ſtandard; and by degrees his little army was augmented to 5000 men: many, who, remained in the city, but were diſſatisfied with the Baſſa, promiſed to open the gates to him. Encouraged by theſe promiſes, he attacked the city in the night, and, with the aſſiſtance of the inhabitants, got poſſeſſion of the fort without firing a ſingle ſhot. He now called the Baſſa to account; but on his producing a firman from the Sultan, authoriſing his proceedings againſt Omar Aga, Pazman granted him his life, but forced him to diſband the 1000 ſoldiers under his command, and allowed him to retain only his houſhold. Having thus become maſter of Widdin, he committed the adminiſtration of all affairs to a certain Bekir Aga, a man above ſixty years of age, and nearly related to him: but he himſelf repaired with his troops to join the army of the Grand Vizier, Iſuf Baſſa, in Vetiſlam: the Vizier received him with particular marks of friendſhip, and put an additional corps of 6000 men under his command, with whom he was ordered to paſs the Morava, and hinder the ſiege of Belgrade. At the Morava he fell in with an Imperial free-corps, which, after a bloody conflict, in which he loſt 3000 men, forced him to fly with 300. After this he continued three months with the Vizier, and then returned to Widdin, where he lived in tranquility and retirement till 1792, without interfering in political or economical affairs. At laſt he demanded of Bekir Aga, who had amaſſed very great riches, an account of his adminiſtration; and on his refuſal to juſtify himſelf, Pazman Ohlu ordered him to be ſabered to pieces, and ſeized his immenſe property.

In the mean time a new Baſſa, called Alchio Baſſa, was ſent to Widdin. He acquainted the Porte with the power of Pazman Ohlu, and the ſupport he might derive from the attachment of the inhabitants of Widdin; and requeſted a reinforcement of 12,000 men to enable him to remove this dangerous man out of the way. In conſequence of this repreſentation, a firman was iſſued to ſend Pazman Ohlu's

head to Conſtantinople; but the Baſſa could not put it in execution without being ſupported by a ſufficient body of troops. On receiving intelligence of the firman, Pazman Ohlu haſtily collected all his forces, and with 2000 of his faithful adherents attacked the Baſſa, who had 3000 men under his command, defeated him in the midſt of the fort, forced him to ſurrender, to diſmiſs all his troops, except a body-guard of 300 men, and to promiſe to obtain his pardon from the Porte. For ſome time after this the Baſſa and Pazman Ohlu lived together on apparently friendly terms. But when in May, 1792, the latter went into the country with ſixty of his retinue, to leave, agreeably to the cuſtom of the Turks, the horſes at paſture, the Baſſa haſtened after him with about 300 ſoldiers and domeſtics, and came up with him at the village of Lactſar, nine miles from Widdin. A bloody conflict enſued: Pazman Ohlu, with thirty of his men, was ſurrounded in a houſe; but eſcaped in diſguiſe with a few followers. His purſuers again overtook him: but Pazman Ohlu having now collected a conſiderable number of his adherents, the Baſſa was, after a battle which laſted three hours, obliged to retreat, wounded, and with the loſs of about 200 men. Pazman Ohlu retired to Sewerlik Banya, concealed himſelf there about fifteen days, ſounded the ſentiments of the inhabitants of Widdin and the ſurrounding country, and, the people being every where much attached to him, ſoon aſſembled a body of about 3000 men. In June, 1792, he a ſecond time took Widdin by ſurpriſe, having kept up his former ſecret correſpondence with the citizens; and in the ſame night chaced the Baſſa and all his adherents out of the city; after which he garriſoned both the city and the fort with his own troops.

The Porte now ſent Pekmeſkts Baſſa to Widdin, with a commiſſion to propoſe a reconciliation to Pazman Ohlu. This Envoy remained two years inactive and with a narrowly circumſcribed authority in Widdin. Soon after appeared the edict of the Sultan, by which the Janiſſaries as well as Spahis were to be aboliſhed, and from a part of them, a regular ſtanding army formed like that of the other European powers. On this ſubject there were great diſputes and diviſions in the Divan itſelf. The Chief Mufti, who was at the head of the party which oppoſed the meaſure, cauſed the notion to be ſecretly ſpread among the people, that this innovation was contrary to the doctrines of the Great Prophet, and that true believers were not only bound not to co-operate

in putting the decree in execution, but even enjoined to oppoſe it with all their might.

The Janiſſaries, however, who had behaved badly in defending againſt the Auſtrians and Ruſſians ſome fortified places where they were ſtationed in garriſon, were, notwithſtanding all oppoſition, driven, with the loſs of all their goods from their dwellings; and the Mountaineers (Kerſchaliks,) who had offered their ſervices to put the Sultan's order in force, were appointed to ſupply their places. Pazman Ohlu did not let ſo favourable an opportunity paſs without turning it to his advantage; he declared himſelf the defender of the Janiſſaries and Spahis, and thus every where acquired a great number of adherents. The oppoſition party in the Divan itſelf ſided with him; and the Janiſſaries, and all the malcontents throughout the empire, looked up to him as their guardian-angel.

In the year 1794, another Commiſſioner, Haſſi Mufti Baſſa, was ſent by the Porte to Widdin, to endeavour to come to ſome agreement with Pazman Ohlu. Haſſi Mufti Baſſa ſpoke of the clemency of the Sultan, and entered Widdin without any guard; but the attempt to bring about an accommodation failed; and in the year 1795, Pazman Ohlu had already greatly extended his power. In the ſpring he ſent a detachment of about 1000 men, by water and by land, to ſurpriſe Nicopolis. The firſt attempt was unſucceſsful; the town, however, was forced to ſurrender after a ſiege of twenty days.

Pazman Ohlu appointed one of his moſt faithful adherents, who was wholly devoted to his will, Ajan (or firſt magiſtrate) in Nicopolis. In the month of December of the ſame year, he ſent againſt Belgrade the Janiſſaries who had been diſbanded. After a number of men had fallen on both ſides, the Janiſſaries ſucceeded in taking the city and the old caſtle; but in July of the following year, after Haſſan, then Baſſa of Belgrade, had long employed all his forces againſt them in vain, they were again, during a bloody conflict, driven out by the Servians and Kerſchaliks.

The Sultan now ordered Rumeli Walleſi (then firſt officer of the Empire after the Grand Vizier) to attack in conjunction with the Baſſa of Belgrade, and four other Baſſas, the rebel Pazman Ohlu with a mighty force. In 1796, an army of 50,000 men was collected about Widdin; but, then, Pazman Ohlu had with him for his defence 40,000 of his adherents. He was ſtrongly intrenched in the city and fort, which he had taken care to ſupply ſufficiently with

proviſions

proviſions and ammunition. After many fruitleſs attacks, in which a great number of the Grand-Signor's troops periſhed, Rumeli Walleſi again offered favourable terms to Pazman Ohlu, and promiſed to obtain his pardon at the Porte on his paying 500 purſes. This propoſition was approved of by the Porte, and a treaty ſeems to have been actually concluded; and after a ſiege of three months, the Grand-Signor's troops decamped from before Widdin. But Pazman Ohlu made uſe of this opportunity to ſtrengthen his party, and to add new fortifications to the city; and in the year 1797 ſent large detachments of troops againſt Nicopolis, Adrianople, and Sophia on the one ſide, and againſt Belgrade on the other. Nicopolis and Adrianople ſurrendered; but at Belgrade and Sophia the aſſailants were defeated with great loſs, and ſeveral hundreds taken priſoners, who were all executed as traitors. After this the Grand-Vizier himſelf received a commiſſion from the Porte, to collect a large army for the purpoſe of annihilating the daring and contumacious rebel. In the year 1798, he aſſembled about 60,000 men, with whom he beſieged Widdin. But Pazman Ohlu had put himſelf in the beſt poſture of defence, being ſtrongly entrenched, and the entrenchments defended by batteries with a well-ſerved artillery. The Sultan's troops encamped around the city; but were not able to approach cloſe to it. Pazman Ohlu made frequent and ſucceſsful ſallies; and by degrees gained over a large party even in the Grand-Vizier's camp. At laſt, the whole ſituation of the beſiegers having been betrayed to him, he ſallied forth and attacked them in the night, killed 6000 men, and ſo quickly diſperſed their whole army, that the Grand-Vizier himſelf was obliged to leave his baggage behind him, and order his camp to be ſet on fire.

In the treaty of alliance that was ſoon after concluded between the Ruſſians and Turks, one of the conditions was, that Ruſſia ſhould, in caſe it ſhould be required, furniſh an auxiliary army of 40,000 men againſt Pazman Ohlu; to whom however favourable terms of reconciliation were again offered. The Ruſſian troops that were aſſembled on the borders of Wallachia added conſiderable weight to the propoſitions of the Porte: and at laſt an agreement took place, by which the Grand-Signor was obliged to reinſtate the Janiſſaries in their former poſſeſſions, to permit Pazman Ohlu to remain in Widdin as Baſſa, and to raiſe him to the dignity of Baſſa with Three Tails; and hoſtages were given on both ſides.

All the ſubſequent ſhews of hoſtility on the part of Pazman Ohlu were probably only intended to accelerate the fulfilment of the promiſe of the three tails; and had for their oſtenſible pretext the ſubduing of ſome bands of robbers who infeſted the country. He has now attained that dignity; but the ſame pretext ſtill continues. Pazman Ohlu is affable, humane, compaſſionate and condeſcending; but a ſtrict lover of juſtice, and puniſhes even ſlight tranſgreſſions with great ſeverity. He has already founded ſeveral eſtabliſhments for the relief of poor widows and orphans; and on ſeveral roads built caravanſeras for poor travellers, where they are for two days ſupplied gratis with every thing neceſſary.

FOR THE WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

ABOLITION *of* TITHES.

WHEN a writer confidently addreſſes "Both Houſes of Parliament, and the Chief Land-Owners, of England," ſome of his readers, no doubt, will peruſe his addreſs with a predilection for his ſentiments; while others may not be indiſpoſed to conclude, that he is pretty ſtrongly prepoſſeſſed with "the importance of a man to himſelf," and infected with a too prevalent diſeaſe, the *cacoethes ſcribendi*.

The ſubjects which Mr. William Matthews embraced in The Weekly Entertainer of the 10th inſt. being of the firſt magnitude, nothing ſhort of arguments which blaze conviction, and that are marked with preciſion, will impreſs his readers with that ſatisfaction which he himſelf enjoys.

I ſhall paſs over ſome of his remarks, which, however juſt they may be, are equally trite—hackneyed till they become almoſt diſguſting, and confine my remarks to what he ſays on the abolition of tithes: I am not to expect a plaudit from the *addreſſer*; no, he conſiders thoſe whoſe ſentiments are not congenial to his own, as guided by *ſelf-intereſt*—of *weak apprehenſion*—with *narrow objections*. Very intemperate language ſurely from ſuch an "*humble writer*," as he repreſents himſelf, eſpecially when addreſſed to both Houſes of Parliament. I have potent reaſons to believe, that in both Houſes there are many high and reſpectable characters, who are not ſo decidedly of opinion, as he is, that tithes are ſo very

very inimical to improvements. This, however, he ſays has been frequently and ably *demonſtrated*. When, and by whom, I aſk? Not I believe by Mr. William Matthews.

It is very notorious, that a *titheable* eſtate is, on that account, let proportionably cheaper: the *landlord* then, and not the tenant, pays the incumbent for his tithes. Am I indeed of ſuch weak apprehenſions as to believe, that the farmer will forego the profits of his own nine parts, for the ſake of defrauding the parſon of his *tenth*, when he knows at the ſame time, that he is allowed in his rent for this tenth?—No, indeed.

I have been pretty attentive to this circumſtance in many pariſhes, but never obſerved any difference in the induſtry of farmers who rent titheable eſtates, and thoſe who rent them tithe free: the reaſon I have juſt mentioned.

Mr. Matthews expreſſes a marked antipathy to *impropriations*; but why? Are they particularly adverſe to improvements? Does not the proprietor of the eſtate make an abatement to his tenant for theſe impropriate tithes? He does. His compariſon therefore of a tradeſman equally exerting himſelf for a *ſtranger* who contributes neither money, labour, nor ſkill, is in the ſuperlative degree ridiculous and abſurd: it is nothing at all to the purpoſe.

He ſays that the preſent mode of ſubſiſting the clergy is "a remain of *Judaiſm*,"—ſo is the ſeventh commandment; but it was "once adapted to a land of almoſt ſpontaneous produce." What in the name of common ſenſe and reaſon has this to do with *tithes?* But was all the land of Canaan to which tithes were "once adapted" thus fertile? Were there no *mountains*, nothing like a *wilderneſs* in that country? Has he never read the accounts which hiſtorians give us of the *induſtry* of the Jews; their erecting walls on the ſides of hills and carrying earth to thoſe ſpots with no ſmall labour? And were not all theſe ſpots *titheable*, notwithſtanding all this labour and expence, as well as the luxuriant ones? They were; expreſs is the command, "Thou ſhalt truly tithe all the increaſe of thy ſeed, that the field bringeth forth year by year."—Deut. xiv. 22.

Biſhop Montagu, in his "Diatribæ," (Remarks on Mr. Selden's Hiſtory of Tithes,) gives a complete and moſt ſatisfactory account of the mode of tithing among the Heathens. His Lordſhip proves beyond all contradiction, from numerous ancient writers of the firſt claſs, that "the Romans, Greeks, Carthaginians, &c. &c. were very devout in paying tithes of their ſpoils of war, merchandiſe, and eſtates."

eſtates." He cites this unanſwerable reaſon from Porphyrius, (and who more adverſe to Chriſtianity than *he*) "For all we have or enjoy is God's, though the uſe and enjoying thereof ſeem to be our's." From all which his Lordſhip juſtly infers, that "the Gentiles who had not the law,—yet, by diſcretion and light of nature (though ſo much obſcured) did the things of the law."

Will Mr. Matthews forgive me if I aſk him, whether tithes were "once adapted" to all theſe Heathen countries becauſe the ſoil produced almoſt ſpontaneouſly? For I will not inſult him by aſking, if this too was a remain of *Judaiſm?*

But it ſeems, if we believe our addreſſer, that tithes are "adverſe to Chriſtianity;" he ſhould have ſaid to the Chriſtianity of the *Quakers:* For who ever heard of tithes being adverſe to Chriſtianity before they ſtarted up? I well know—every perſon knows, a great many devout, good Chriſtians, who pay their tithes without the leaſt murmur or complaint. Something more, therefore, than William Matthews's unfounded conjecture will be required to *prove* that tithes are at variance with real Chriſtianity.

Various ſchemes have been propoſed for a total abolition of tithes; but not one have I yet ſeen, but what on examination appeared to be ſo futile, and ſo flimſy, that one would think (as has been often obſerved,) that ſome of the authors had never been out of the ſound of Bow bells, or had been ſcribbling in a counting-houſe.

The great and eſſential points, the grand *deſiderata*, in my very humble judgment, are theſe: That whatever eſtate is given in lieu of tithes, ſhould be equally *permanent*, equally *improveable*, and as *eaſily recoverable*, as they now are. Mr. Matthews may probably think himſelf equal to the taſk in which ſo many others have failed. Let him then give an outline; he may be aſſured that no perſon will read it leſs inattentively than I ſhall.

He will at the ſame time conſider, that during the laſt fifty years, numerous ſuits have been inſtituted in Chancery and the Exchequer by the clergy, and they pretty generally ſucceeded. Now, if an Act of Parliament had been paſſed ſixty years ago, the tithes thus recovered would have been for ever extinguiſhed, and the church defrauded of her juſt and legal rights. He will alſo conſider, that there are now many cauſes pending. Farther, may there not be poor vicars, who, though well convinced of their rights, may not be able to conteſt them with their opulent pariſhioners?

Laſtly, is he ſure that there are no pariſhes where the right is not fully diſcovered, where a modus has not yet been legally ſettled? Is it not therefore abſolutely neceſſary from ſuch a view, that the rights of the church ſhould be duly recognized and aſcertained, before they are extinguiſhed by an Act of Parliament?

I am free to confeſs that I am of opinion the ſubject will require the utmoſt exertion of Mr. Matthews's abilities, and that he will find it to be ſomething like an Herculean labour. Perhaps he may think differently, and that it is quite as eaſy to perform as to talk about it. If he finds himſelf able to accompliſh all this—*erit mihi magnus Apollo.* I dare venture to believe that there are few, if any of the clergy, who (for the ſake of peace and comfort with their pariſhioners,) will not accede to his ſcheme. I have thrown down my glove, let him take it up.

CLERICUS.

November 22, 1800.

I KNOW NOT WHAT TO THINK.

To the PRINTER,

SIR,

IT is deplorable to be jammed in between two opinions, coaxed on the one ſide, and coaxed on the other, and yet know not what to do, which to give the preference to, and, withal, unable to ſtand neuter, deafened by the cries of both, and incapable of deciding which is to be liſtened to. The aſs between the two bundles of hay is but a feeble type of the ſituation of us plain, unlettered men, placed between the jarring opinions of the world. For my part I KNOW NOT WHAT TO THINK!

When I hear, on the one hand, that the preſent ſcarcity is *real*, I deplore the calamity as becomes a good Chriſtian, and ſubmit as becomes a good ſubject; but, on the other hand, when I am told, upon equally good authority, (for all authority now-a-days is equally good,) that the ſaid ſcarcity is *artificial*, you may ſuppoſe I KNOW NOT WHAT TO THINK!

When I am informed that the country is full of monopolizers, regraters, and foreſtallers, who grind the faces of the poor, when they ſhould be grinding their corn, and enrich themſelves at the expence and hard-earned labours of an induſtrious

induſtrious public, my mind is made up to wrath and indignation—But when another well-informed party tells me that there is no ſuch being in the kingdom as a monopolizer, a regrater, or a foreſtaller, and that if there were, monopolizing, regrating, and foreſtalling are *not* crimes, I proteſt I KNOW NOT WHAT TO THINK!

When I am told that the laſt harveſt was the moſt abundant ever known, and one of the fineſt crops ever reaped, I am very thankful to that Being who "gives us food in due ſeaſon:" But when I learn that the laſt year's crop fell ſhort one-fourth or more, and was extremely deficient in quality, and not ſufficient for the conſumption of a common year, I really KNOW NOT WHAT TO THINK!

When I am told that Germany will make peace with France, and that France will make peace with Germany, provided Germany and Great Britain will make peace with France, and that Bonaparte is very ſincere in wiſhing to be at peace with *both* but not with *either*, I feel a kind of confuſion comes over my mind, which perplexes all my ideas, and I KNOW NOT WHAT TO THINK!

When I hear a long train of arguments to prove that a general peace muſt be concluded within a few months, and that an honourable and ſecure peace, I cannot ſay but that I am eaſily perſuaded to believe what I ſo much wiſh—But when I am told on the other hand, that there is not the ſmalleſt chance of a ſpeedy peace, that it is a moral impoſſibility, and would neither be honourable nor ſecure, I falter in my opinion, and could wiſh my friends would aſk me no queſtions on the ſubject, as I profeſs I KNOW NOT WHAT TO THINK!

When I hear many hundreds of individuals launching forth in praiſe of œconomy in theſe times, and forming œconomical arrangements for their families, decrying every ſpecies of luxury and extravagance, I rejoice that ſo proper a ſpirit ſhould be exerted at ſo ſeaſonable a time—But when I hear of nothing but the moſt expenſive entertainments on the moſt trivial occaſions, and am told of ſecond courſes in ſecond-rate families, nay, and of *deſerts* in families who, if they had their deſerts, would be at a plain joint, I muſe upon modern œconomy, to little purpoſe, for I really KNOW NOT WHAT TO THINK; and am, therefore, at your ſervice,

AN IGNORAMUS.

November 21, 1800.

A REMARKABLE WILL.

WILLIAM HALL, late of the pariſh of St. Andrew, Holborn, Serjeant at Law, left behind him the following will, which was proved in September, 1721.

"I give to my couſin Humphrey Hall three hundred pounds; and to that vile wretch Samuel Hall, his nephew, who I admitted into the Temple many years ſince, but he ſold his gown, and in ſeven years I could never get him to church but once, and twice he aſſaulted me, and one time he had certainly killed me, if by God's providence I had not by a maid ſervant been thrown beſide a great fire when he was juſt ruſhing me backward into it, ten ſhillings, to be paid him every Monday upon requeſt thereof, and five ſhillings the firſt day of every term during his life only, though ſtarving is a death too moderate for that wicked ſinful life he hath lived, and I hope and humbly pray to God to forgive him."

Anſwer, by J. B. Chivers, of St. Auſtell, to J. Smith's Queſtion, inſerted June 23.

LET $x=$ the external diameter ſought, and put $a=5236$, and $b=2618$; then $x^3a=$ the ſolidity of the ball, and $bx^3=$ cubic inches immerſed, i. e. the cubic inches of water removed by the immerſion of the ball. Put now $x-1=$ concave diameter, which being cubed, and taken from the cube of the inſide diameter, the difference will be found to be $3x^2-3x+1$; $x^3-48x^2+48x=16$. This laſt equation, ſolved by Cardan's rule for cubics, gives $x=46.9857+$ inches, ſo that the external diameter of the ball muſt be about 47 inches to make it ſink to its centre in common water.—Q. E. D.

Anſwer, by J. M. Jun. of Poole, to Serjeant Field's Charade inſerted Auguſt 25.

THE *Sole* is a delicious fiſh;
The *Bay* is ever green:
Join theſe together, and your wiſh
Of SOLEBAY may be ſeen.

*** We have received the like anſwer from Serjeant Aſh, of the Exminſter Volunteers; G Andrews, and W. Sher-

will, of Modbury; W. England, of Uplyme; J. Sydenham, N. Knott, and R. Baker, of Poole; E. Sherman, of Cornwood; T. Coumbe, of Stonehouſe; G. Coulman, of Broadhempſton; R. Maſſett, of Saltaſh; T. Whicker, and W. Gregory, of Exeter; Alexis, of Kingſbridge; Serjeant Whittle, and J. Roper, of Upway; J. Ball, jun. of Taunton; T. Jarvis, Malborough; and G. Hazel, of Clovelly.

Anſwer, by Serjeant Whittle, of Upway, near Weymouth, to W. Rennel's Charade, inſerted September 8.

IF a fair one wants to view her face,
She's anxious for a LOOKING-GLASS.

❧ We have received the like anſwer from T. Whicker, of Exeter; Serjeant Aſh, of the Exminſter Volunteers; W. Bickham, jun. of Aſhburton; G. Andrews, of Modbury; J. Ball, jun. of Taunton; Philom. of Teingmouth; Thomas Jarvis, of Marlborough; J. King, of Kingſbridge; W. England, of Lyme; R. Maſſett, of Saltaſh; E. Sherman, of Cornwood; and R. Baker, and E. T. S. of Poole.

An ANAGRAM, *by J. Staples, of Briſtol.*

A Cage, if you tranſpoſe aright,
A ſpot will plainly come in ſight.

A CHARADE, *by R. Thomas, of Exeter.*

AGAIN I'll try to raiſe my muſe,
In myſtic lines to write;
A corner ſtone my firſt I chooſe,
In which the juſt delight.

My next a ſet of ſaints will make,
They kindle ſacred fire;
Their view is glory to partake,
Preſſing with ſtrong deſire.

Ye bards, who wiſh to know my theme,
Pray muſe awhile with care;
Thoſe parts connect, and then, I deem,
My whole will ſoon appear.

POETRY.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

The FAIR EXILE.

O Queen of Iſles! from thee to ſever,
Fills my fond, throbbing breaſt with pain;
The mournful thought that I may never
Behold thy chalky cliffs again.

Bright Phœbus, Thetis' lap forſaking,
Gladſome the hind renews his toil;
But ſad his beams to me, awaking
An exile from my native ſoil.

As yet I ſee thee, firſt of iſlands!
As yet behold thy much-lov'd ſhore;
Thy lowlands now, and now thy highlands,
Ah! vaniſh'd to be ſeen no more.

A blue expanſe of toſſing ocean
Glares cheerleſs on the eye alone;
The winds conſpire, the ſhip's in motion,
And bears away for climes unknown.

Should thus my Fanny, whilſt retreating,
Hoarſe murmuring the billows roll,
Her heart with ſtrong emotions beating,
In ſad grief, thus, pour out her ſoul.

O tell the maid, my greater ſorrow,
A youth with fate who fondly ſtrove;
Bleſs'd a ſhort day, but doom'd the morrow
To all the pangs of hopeleſs love.

In giddy dance, with greedy pleaſure,
Who hung enamour'd on her lips;
Thus miſers eye their hoarded treaſure,
Thus the briſk bee the roſe-bud ſips.

But ſhould the miſer view his coffers,
The bee her hive by man laid low,
The tongue of friendſhip vainly offers
Endearments ſoft to eaſe the blow.

Ah! thus, the phantom, hope, allures me,
With the fond tale of future bliſs;
In vain, with flattering ſmile, aſſures me,
Again to ſnatch the bluſhing kiſs.

For in yon bark, with ſails unfurling,
To diſtant climes my charmer flies;
To torrid zones, no breezes curling,
Wave chacing wave, the glowing ſeas.

Where

Where ſummer ſuns, that ever gliſten,
Swelling with feveriſh blood the veins,
Incline the maid, tho' coy, to liſten
To the deep ſighs of amorous ſwains,

Some happy youth, with fond embraces,
Shall preſs her fair form to his breaſt;
Hive in her ſmiles, her ſoft careſſes,
In envied ſlumbers ſink to reſt.

Hapleſs while I am doom'd to wander,
To imitate the thoughtleſs gay,
In idle diſſipation ſquander,
Or moping melancholy's prey;

By ſhallow ſtreams o'er pebbles brawling,
To mourn my love, at morn or e'en,
And liſtleſs on the green bank lolling,
Unheeded ſigh, and weep unſeen.

PETER LUFFE.

Bridgewater, July 20, 1800.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

Lines deſcriptive of a View from St. German's, in the County of Cornwall.

WHERE the Tamer majeſtic'ly rolls,
The Liner deriveth her ſource;
Where the woodlands their beauties unfold,
She meandering follows her courſe.

'Twas at eve when the ſun down the weſt,
Slowly ſinks, and more mild are his rays;
Of life's buſy cares quite diveſt,
I made this ſhort evening's ſurvey.

O'er the Liner's ſmooth ſurface beheld,
Boats and barges ſo gently do glide;
By the zephyrs ſerenely impell'd,
Not a wave ſcarely ſeen on the tide.

The villas around grace the ſcene,
Whilſt variety pleaſes the eye;
Edgecumbe's Mount, Maker's Heights, both are ſeen,
Which the landſcape with beauty ſupply.

Port Eliot's labyrinthian groves,
Adorn th' circumambient view;
Whilſt the eye ſtill inſatiate roves,
Exploring fine proſpects anew.

Now the ſun with the weſtern ſea clos'd,
I in ſolitude home bent my way;
And the evening gun from Hamoaze
Moſt ſolemnly cloſed the day.

GEORGE HAZEL.

Clovelly, October 8, 1800.